The Voice Beneath the Sun
By Jonathan Olvera

The heat of the unforgiving sun stretched across the sea of darkness before it even rose. Its breath touched everything in the desert—stone, sand, metal, and bone. Infernal and abstract, the dawn seemed not so much a beginning but a reminder: the cycle continues. A revolution around the sun, yes, but also the revolution of labor, of loss, of memory. A cycle of existence spun through gas and fire, survival and vision, all governed by something unseen.

Today felt much like those ancient times—days filled with order and collapse in the courts of Constantine, under the cold stare of Caesar's judgment. Days of empire and dust. It is a time again for stone and craft. For tools. For calculation. For devices meant to manage food and life. We build to preserve, to store, to shield ourselves. Always building.

But even now, as I watch the same roofs extend further, the same walls receive new coats of paint and codes, it is clear: what we build is mostly an illusion. Fictional constructs. Economic dramas. We pretend it is new, though it is not. We add extensions in the name of style, of function, of modern design. But what are we building toward?

When we are told to move the most overstocked or valuable items, it seems to make sense. Until you look closer. Value has a motif, and today, it seems spiritual.

The sun—this strange god of fire—has changed. Its surface is dark in places. There are spots, jets, and patterns that suggest an invisible war. To my eyes, it appears that the sun is weeping, or shouting. And its pain—the flares, the radiation—sears into us. The map of the sky is no longer benign. The inferno dictates the weather of our souls.

We live beneath it, and it burns.

It's hard to stay grounded, to orient myself. Politics twist into grotesque shapes. Every screen shows another disaster. The rules change, then change again. Verification is demanded. You must prove you are working. That your labor counts. That your life adds up to something measurable.

Sometimes I look around and just whisper, *"Whoa."*

Not out of amazement, but because this all feels too familiar. Like we've been here before. Empires have burned in this heat. I remember from history books—or maybe something deeper—that societies have withered in the sun.

People don't want to work. Or maybe they can't. Or maybe it's worse—they've stopped believing in the work.

Today, I can say truthfully: life is not easy. To earn an honest dollar, a fair trade, a solid coin? It takes grit. While rumors float like dust in the wind, the truth remains firm and heavy.

The system now demands action, effort, sweat, and a very well-documented list of tasks. No wonder people grow restless. No wonder it feels like judgment day, every day.

"It’s hell on earth," I’ve caught myself saying. Often. Half-joking. Half-praying.

And still, I wonder—*Has this happened before? Will it happen again?*
I imagine the sun flaring violently, ripping through the skies. It has done it before, I’m certain. It can do it again.

Can I bear it?
Will we?

The devil is clever. Schemes come wrapped in comfort, in logic. But the results are brutal.

And yet, somewhere beneath all this—the heat, the labor, the deception—I hear something.

A voice.

Not external, not in words, but like a pressure in my chest. Like memory, but purer. Like love, but holy. In that voice, I hear no condemnation—only truth. A whisper in the wind: *“You are seen. You are known. This will pass.”*

I look up at the burning sun and I see it differently. It’s not just fire. It’s not just science. It is the eye of God watching through creation. Maybe the angels don’t descend with wings anymore. Maybe they arrive as radiation, stirring in the wind. A feeling. A vision.

And maybe miracles aren’t loud. Maybe they don’t come with choirs and trumpets. Maybe they arrive in dry silence, like a desert bloom that cracks through concrete.

There was a man I saw once, out near the border. He was building a sundial with his bare hands. A sundial! In an age of quantum clocks and AI calendars. I asked him why. He looked up, sweat gleaming on his brow, and said, *“Because the sun is honest.”*

I never forgot that.

That evening, I walked past a tired mother giving half her bread to her children. I saw a man lift another from the sidewalk with no camera in sight. No audience. No applause. Just small goodness.

Maybe this, too, is a message.
Maybe miracles are not rare. Maybe we’re just too scorched to see them.

I walk on, under the hot blaze. My feet crunch through gravel and salt. The sky pulses with amber and ash. Somewhere between the roar of the sun and the murmurs of my mind, I realize:

It is man under the sun. But it is also man with a soul.
A soul that remembers light.
A soul that will not burn away.

And for now, that is enough.